

Potosi Journal

F. M. DEGENERDORF, Publisher.
POTOSI, MISSOURI.

How can a woman be chairman of anything.

New York produces more hops than any other American state.

While the athletic races are in progress the wise spectator will stand from under.

Striking bell boys in New York are kicking on their meals, an infringement on the prerogative of the patrons.

Does anyone still imagine that wealth guarantees the happiness of homes? If so, let him read the news a few years.

It will soon be time for Uncle Mark Twain to exchange that winter white suit for a summer fur overcoat. It pays to advertise.

Henry James says he never heard an American woman say "thank you." Then, doubtless, Henry never earned that little reward.

According to a physician, an ugly nose indicates a large brain. Not necessarily. It may indicate lack of skill behind the bat.

Probably that Wabash minister who has dedicated his seven hundredth church has not had time to notice the alleged decline in religion.

We don't know whether it is true or not that the robins are beginning to worry for fear the cherries this year won't be ripe as soon as usual.

The next king of Spain will be fortunate in taking hold of a government that has begun to think about the future instead of dwelling in the past.

What a sad waste of money the submarine boats would have represented if it had been discovered at this late date that their crews could not live in them!

Having tried the whipping post, Baltimore does not like it. There are very few cities in the country whose social conditions are so desperate as to demand such a remedy.

Sure enough, there are strained relations among the little republics of Central America. If one of them speaks above a whisper all the rest of them fling the burglar alarm.

Farmers who were mad because they could not get cars to haul their wheat to market are glad now that they were compelled to keep it till the price went sky-rocketing.

In 1897 the Greek emigrants to the United States numbered only 57. For the three years 1903-1905 the total was 36,000, and for the fiscal year 1906 the number had risen to 23,000.

The British barmaids will next proceed to storm the house of commons for their preservation. The chances are that they will be less fervently resisted than were the suffragettes.

Mausier riffs have been made by their inventor much more deadly than before. Possibly he has been grieving over what they didn't do to the Americans during the war with Spain.

St. Paul doubtless requires the women to keep silent in the churches so that there might be one spot where the man might keep his vocal powers from being eliminated through disuse.

If Editor Stead can secure peace by persuading American young men to raise \$1,000,000, his method must be credited with being less expensive by far than the old-fashioned method of fighting for it.

One of our cities is cleaner than it used to be. On the waste-barrels which stand on the streets is painted, instead of the bald injunction, "Throw rubbish here," a winning request, "Please help us to keep the city clean."

Citizens have been seen to read that sign and walk back half a block to pick up a banana skin.

Most people are not familiar with the sight of a woman smoking a cigar, but the old Indiana woman whose smoking offended the guardians of the St. Louis Union railway station was probably not far wrong in saying that a woman looks better with a cigar in her mouth than when she is chewing gum.

Certainly she could not look much worse.

The American government has been keeping house for Cuba while the mistress of the house was sick. Now that the temporary caretaker is preparing to leave, it has been decided that Cuba will have to pay the expenses of the American occupation.

Since Cuba is poor, however, there will be no unobscured haste in collecting the bill, which will amount to \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000.

Wonder, Nev., wants a sky pilot who is handy with a gun. Where is the ministerial gent of this community who used to preach, shave, cut hair, shampoo, guarantee to raise a crop on bald heads, talk from both sides of his mouth at one and the same time and occasionally bound into the square circle, jabbing, punching, uppercutting, sidestepping and saying worldly—yes, carnal—things under his breath until roughly jolted into dreamland? He should take his professional kit and hike for Wonder, because the call is for just that sort of a fighting parson.

Women, according to the decision of a Cleveland lady who has investigated the matter, can never be the equals of men as long as they wear fine clothes. There are plenty of men who will gladly do all they can to assist in spreading this doctrine.

W. T. Stead does not go in very strongly for epigrams. They make attractive reading, but are not sufficiently expansive for the purposes of an editor who enjoys Mr. Stead's deserved reputation as a voluminous producer of copy.



THE DELUGE

By DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COSMOS"

(Copyright 1905 by the BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY)

CHAPTER XXI—Continued.
"Do not put me to the test," I pleaded. Then I added what I knew to be true: "But you will not. You know it would take some one stronger than your uncle, stronger than your parents, to swerve me from what I believe right for you and for me." I had no fear for "to-morrow." The hour when she could defy me had passed.

A long, long silence, the electric speeding southward under the arching trees of the West Drive. I remember it was as we skirted the lower end of the Mall that she said evenly: "You have made me hate you so that I terrify me. I am afraid of the consequences that must come to you and to me."

"And well you may be," I answered gently. "For you've seen enough of me to get at least a hint of what I would do, if goaded to it. Hate is terrible, Anita, but love can be more terrible."

At the Willoughby she let me help her descend from the electric, waited until I sent it away, walked beside me into the building. My man, Sanders, had evidently been listening for the elevator; the door opened without my ringing, and there he was, bowing low. She acknowledged his welcome with that regard for "appearances" that training had made instinctive. In the center of my—our—drawing-room table was a mass of fresh white roses. "Where did you get 'em?" I asked him, in an aside.

"The elevator boy's brother, sir," he replied, "works in the florist's shop just across the street, next to the church. He happened to be down stairs when I got your message, sir. So I was able to get a few flowers. I'm sorry, sir, I hadn't a little more time."

"You've done noble," said I, and I shook hands with him warmly. Anita was greeting those flowers as if they were a friend suddenly appearing in a time of need. She turned now and beamed on Sanders. "Thank you, she said; 'thank you.' And Sanders was hers.

"Anything I can do—ma'am—sir?" asked Sanders.

"Nothing—except send my maid as soon as she comes," she replied.

"I shan't need you," said I.

"Mr. Monson is still here," he said, lingering. "Shall I send him away, sir, or do you wish to see him?"

"I'll speak to him myself in a moment," I answered.

When Sanders was gone, she seated herself and absently played with the buttons of her glove.

"Shall I bring Monson?" I asked.

"You know, he's my—factotum."

"I do not wish to see him," she answered.

"You do not like him?"

After a brief hesitation she answered, "No." Not for worlds would she just then have admitted, even to herself, that the cause of her dislike was her knowledge of his habit of tattling, with suitable embroideries, his lessons to me.

I restrained a strong impulse to ask her why, for instinct told me she had some especial reason that somehow concerned me. I said merely: "Then I shall get rid of him."

"Not on my account," she replied indifferently. "I care nothing about him one way or the other."

"He goes at the end of his month," said I.

She was now taking off her gloves. "Before your maid comes," I went on, "let me explain about the apartment. This room and the two leading out of it are yours. My own suite is on the other side of our private hall there."

She colored high, paled. I saw that she did not intend to speak.

I stood awkwardly, waiting for something further to come into my own head. "Good night," said I finally, as if I were taking leave of a formal call.

She did not answer. I left the room, closing the door behind me. I paused an instant, heard the key click in the lock. And I burned in a hot flush of shame that she should be thinking thus basely of me—and with good cause. How could she know, how appreciate even if she had known? "You've had to cut deep," said I to myself. "But the wounds'll heal, though it may take long—very long." And I went on my way, not wholly downcast.

I joined Monson in my little smoking-room. "Congratulations," he began, with his nasty, supercilious grin, which of late had been getting on my nerves severely.

"Thanks," I replied curtly, paying no attention to his outstretched hand.

"I want you to put a notice of the marriage in to-morrow morning's Herald."

"Give me the facts—clergyman's name—place, and so on," said he.

"Unnecessary," I answered. "Just our names and the date—that's all. You'd better step lively. It's late, and it'll be too late if you delay."

With an irritating show of deiteration he lit a fresh cigarette before setting out. I heard her maid come. After about an hour I went into the hall—no light through the transoms of her suite. I returned to my own part of the flat and went to bed in the spare room to which Sanders had moved my personal belongings.

That day which began in disaster—in what a blaze of triumph it had ended! I slept with good conscience. I had earned sleep.

XXII.

"SHE HAS CHOSEN!"

Joe got to the office rather later than usual the next morning. They

of the average human being, don't take his reputation or his wife; just cause him to lose money. There were among the speculating customers many with the even-tempered sporting instinct. These were bearing their losses with philosophy—none of them had swooped on me. Of the perhaps three hundred who had come to ease their anguish by tongue-lashing me, every one was a bad loser and was mad through and through—those who had lost a few hundred dollars were as infuriated as those whom my misleading tip had cost thousands and tens of thousands; those whom I had helped to win all they had in the world were more savage than those new to my following.

I took my stand in the doorway, a step up from the floor of the main room. I looked all round until I had met each pair of angry eyes. They said I can give my face an expression that is anything but agreeable; such talent as I have in that direction I exerted then. The instant I appeared a silence fell; but I waited until the last pair of claws drew in. Then I said, in the quiet tone the army officer uses when he tells the mob that the machine guns will open up in two minutes by the watch: "Gentlemen, in the effort to counteract my warning to the public, the Textile crowd rocked the stock yesterday. Those who heeded my warning and sold got excellent prices. Those who did not should sell today. Not even the powerful interests behind Textile can long maintain yesterday's prices."

A wave of restlessness passed over the crowd. Many shifted their eyes from me and began to murmur.

I raised my voice slightly as I went on: "The speculators, the gamblers, are the only people who were hurt. Those who sold what they didn't have are paying for their folly. I have no sympathy for them. Blacklock and Company wishes none such in its following, and seizes every opportunity to weed them out. We are in business only for the bona fide investing public, and we are stronger

first article my eye chanced upon, was a mere wordy elaboration of the brief and vague announcement Monson had put in the Herald. Later came an interview with old Ellersly. "Not at all mysterious," he had said to the reporters. "Mr. Blacklock found he would have to go abroad on business soon—he didn't know just when. On the spur of the moment he decided to marry."

A good enough story, and I confirmed it when I admitted the reporters. I read their estimates of my fortune and of Anita's with rather bitter amusement—she whose father was living from hand to mouth; I who could not have emerged from a forced settlement with enough to enable me to keep a trap. Still, when one is rich, the reputation of being rich is heavily expensive; but when one is poor the reputation of being rich can be made a wealth-giving asset.

Even as I was reading these fables of my millions, there lay on the desk before me a statement of the exact posture of my affairs—a memorandum made by myself for my own eyes, and to be burned as soon as I mastered it. On the face of the figures the balance against me was appalling. My chief asset, indeed my only asset that measured up toward my debts, was my Coal stocks, those brought and those contracted for; and while their par value far exceeded my liabilities, they had to appear in my memorandum at their actual market value on that day. I looked at the calendar—seventeen days until the reorganization scheme would be announced, only seventeen days!

Less than three business weeks, and I should be out of the storm and sailing safer and smoother seas than I had ever known. "To indulge in vague hopes is bad," thought I, "but not to indulge in a hope, especially when one has only it between him and the pit." And I proceeded to plan on the not unwarranted assumption that my Coal hope was a present reality. Indeed, what alternative had I? To put it among the future's uncertainties was to put myself among the utterly ruined. Using as collateral the Coal stocks I had bought outright, I borrowed more money, and with it went still deeper into the Coal venture. Everything or nothing!—since the chances in my favor were a thousand, to practically none against me. Everything or nothing!—since only by taking everything could I possibly save anything at all.

Home! For the first time since I was a squat little slip of a shaver the world had a personal meaning for me. Perhaps, if the only other home of mine had been less uninviting, I should not have looked forward with such high beating of the heart to that cold home Anita was making for me. No, I withdrew that. It is fellows like me, to whom kindly looks and unthought attentions are as unfamiliar as flowers to the Arctic—it is men like me that appreciate and treasure and wear up under the faintest show or shadowy suggestion of the sunshine of sentiment. It'd be a little ashamed to say how much money I handed out to buggars and street gamins that day. I had a home to go to!

As my electric grew up at the Willoughby's, a carriage backed to make room for it. I recognized the horses and the coachman and the crest.

"How long has Mrs. Ellersly been with my wife?" I asked the elevator boy, as he was taking me up.

"About half an hour, sir," he answered. "But Mr. Ellersly—I took up his card before lunch, and he's still there."

Instead of using my key, I rang the bell, and when Sanders opened, I said: "Is Mrs. Blacklock in?" in a voice loud enough to penetrate to the drawing-room.

As I had hoped, Anita appeared. Her dress told me that her trunk had come—she had sent for her trunk! "Mother and father are here," said she, without looking at me.

I followed her into the drawing-room and, for the benefit of the servants, Mr. and Mrs. Ellersly and I greeted each other courteously, though Mrs. Ellersly's eyes and mine met in a glance like the flash of steel on steel. "We were just going," said she, and then I felt that I had arrived in the midst of a tempest of uncommon fury.

"You must stop and make me a visit," protested I, with elaborate politeness. To myself I was assuming that they had come to "make up and be friends"—and resume their places at the trough.

She was moving toward the door, the old man in her wake. Neither of them offered to shake hands with me; neither made pretense of saying good-by to Anita, standing by the window like a pillar of ice. I had closed the drawing-room door behind me, as I entered. I was about to open it for them when I was restrained by what I saw working in the old woman's face. She had set her will on escaping from my loathed presence without "seeing" me, but her rage at having been outgeneraled was too frantic for her will.

(To be Continued.)

English to be world speech

All Other Tongues Give Way to Modern Demand for Homely Language.

From the Columbia State—By "homely" we here mean partaking of the nature of home, and not plain or ugly. Wordsworth thus speaks of "the homely beauty of the good old cause." So often in life we find that it is the homely, the thing soiled and perhaps stained with daily use, rather than the fine thing, the great and the thing that endures. Why? Because it is human, it is very stains revealing to all that it is fit for daily use. Affection has touched it, love has handled it, and it is immortal.

This principle has often been illustrated in history, and it is being illustrated every day by one of the most remarkable phenomena in all history—the endurance of a language apparently the least fitted to survive of all the widely spoken tongues of the human race. We see that in Japan, in China, in India, in France, in Germany—throughout the world—people are learning English. The language that has no grammar, only a mass of exceptions to every rule and principle of

WON FURLOUGH FOR JEEMS.
Artless Appeal That Touched the Heart of Jefferson Davis.

Humor lightens everything, even grim war. Jefferson Davis, with all the weight of a losing cause on his shoulders, could yet spare time to appreciate and respond to an artless appeal. The incident is related by Capt. Sutherland. Among the numerous papers received by the Confederate president, the following turned up one day:

"Dear Mr. President—I want you to let Jesus C. of Co. conth, 5th South Carolina Regiment, come home and get married. Jeems is willin', but Capt'n he ain't willin'."

Now when we all are willin'—capt Jeems Capt'n, I think you might let up and let Jeems come. I'll make him go straight back when he's done got married and light hard as ever.

"Your affectionate friend," and so forth.

Mrs. Davis, telling the story, adds that Mr. Davis wrote his directions in regard to the matter on the back of the letter. They were:

"Let Jesus go."—Youth's Companion.

Memento for President Diaz.

With a simple but impressive ceremony President Diaz was presented with the military painting portraying the action of his command in the battle of Puebla against the French forces in the war of the invasion.

The painting, which was the work of the artist Francisco de P. Mendoza, a professor in the national school of fine arts and of the military college, was executed at the request of the governors of 12 Mexican states, and was presented as a personal gift to the chief magistrate. The painting represents Gen. Diaz in action in the glorious battle which won fame for the Mexican forces, and at the moment when the forces under the direct command of Gen. Diaz saved the day.

—Mexican Herald.

Our Queer Sense of Humor.

Americans have a strange sense of humor, don't you know," began the Englishman. "The other day, for example, I went into a restaurant with a friend and he asked for sushis. I was surprised to see them bring him three biscuits of some sort or other. Again at another time I dined with him at a table d'hôte cafe. He said to the waiter, 'Bring us a couple of bottles of pink ink.' What the waiter brought him, don't you know, was two bottles of red wine."

"Really, it is very strange, the American sense of humor. You catch onto my meaning?"—N. Y. Press.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

The Business Institut.

A party of tourists were visiting the ancient landmarks of England, according to a writer in the New Orleans Times-Democrat, and their guide was supplying them with valuable historic facts.

"This tower," he remarked, "goes back to William the Conqueror."

"Why, what's the matter?" inquired one of his listeners. "Isn't it satisfactory?"

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

We, the undersigned, have known E. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

W. A. RORER, KINNEY & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Amendment Not Accepted.

Mrs. Jagaway—I wish I knew where my husband was.

Mrs. Kaway—You mean, I presume, that you wish you knew where your husband is?

Mrs. Jagaway—No, I don't. I know where he is. He's up in his room, sleeping off a headache.

Glass mirrors were known in A. D. 23, but the art of making them was lost and not recovered until 1309 in Venice.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Even wisdom may be only skin deep.

AFRAID OF PARALYSIS

A NERVOUS SUFFERER CURED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS.

The Medicine That Makes Rich, Red Blood and Performs Wonders as a Tonic for the Nerves.

Why are nervous people invariably pale people?

The answer to that question explains why a remedy that acts on the blood can cure nervous troubles.

It explains why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are also for nervous people.

It is because of the intimate relation between the red corpuscles in the blood and the health of the nerves. The nervous system receives its nourishment through the blood. Let the blood become thin, weak and colorless and the nerves are starved—the victim is started on the road that leads to nervous wreck.

Nervous people are pale people—but the pallor comes first. Enrich the blood and the nerves are stimulated and toned up to do their part of the work of the body. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make red blood and transform nervous, irritable, ailing people into strong, energetic, forceful men and women.

Mrs. Harriet E. Porter, of 20 Liberty avenue, South Medford, Mass., says:

"I had never been well from childhood and a few years ago I began to have dizzy spells. At such times I could not walk straight. I was afraid of rattles and was on the verge of nervous prostration. Then neuralgia set in and affected the side of my face. The pains in my forehead were excruciating and my heart began to beat so that I feared I was dying. I was afraid of the doctor's fear of neuralgia of the heart. I tried several different kinds of treatment but they did me no good."

"One day my son brought me some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I found that they strengthened my nerves. I took several boxes and felt better in every way. There were no more dizzy attacks, the neuralgia left me and I have been a well woman ever since."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are invaluable in neuritis, rheumatism, after-effects of the grip and fever, and in sick headaches, nervousness, neuralgia, and even partial paralysis and locomotor ataxia.

Our booklet, "Nervous Disorders, a Method of Home Treatment" will be sent free on request to anyone interested. Write for it today.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all druggists, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 50 cents per box, six boxes for \$2.50, by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The worst thing about common sense is that it is so unfashionable.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c bottle.

A broad-minded man never loses any sleep because another man's opinions fail to agree with his own.

FITS, St. Vitus Dance and all Nervous Diseases, permanently cured by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for free book and treatise. Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

A Good Charger.

Client—Didn't you make a mistake in going into law instead of the army? Lawyer—Why?

Client—By the way you charge, there would be little left of the enemy.

With a smooth iron and Defiance Starch, you can launder your shirt-waist just as well at home as the steam laundry can; it will have the proper stiffness and finish, there will be less wear and tear of the goods, and it will be a positive pleasure to use a Starch that does not stick to the iron.

Corroborative Evidence.

"Are you engaged?" asked the young man, thinking he had noted a lack of welcome. "Yes," replied the girl, "but for this evening only." She added, as the electric doorbell sounded.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

We, the undersigned, have known E. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

W. A. RORER, KINNEY & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Amendment Not Accepted.

Mrs. Jagaway—I wish I knew where my husband was.

Mrs. Kaway—You mean, I presume, that you wish you knew where your husband is?

Mrs. Jagaway—No, I don't. I know where he is. He's up in his room, sleeping off a headache.

Glass mirrors were known in A. D. 23, but the art of making them was lost and not recovered until 1309 in Venice.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Even wisdom may be only skin deep.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

We, the undersigned, have known E. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

W. A. RORER, KINNEY & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Amendment Not Accepted.

Mrs. Jagaway—I wish I knew where my husband was.

Mrs. Kaway—You mean, I presume, that you wish you knew where your husband is?

Mrs. Jagaway—No, I don't. I know where he is. He's up in his room, sleeping off a headache.

Glass mirrors were known in A. D. 23, but the art of making them was lost and not recovered until 1309 in Venice.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c. Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Even wisdom may be only skin deep.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

We, the undersigned, have known E. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

W. A. RORER, KINNEY & MARTIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Amendment Not Accepted.

Mrs. Jagaway—I wish I knew where my husband was.

Mrs. Kaway—You mean, I presume, that you wish you knew where your husband is?